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*John Davies Worgan,*  
*1808*

A  
TRANSLATION  
OF  
ANSTEY'S  
ODE TO JENNER.

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Price 1s. 6d.; or 2s. in Boards.

TRANSLATION

OF

ANALYSIS

Entered at Stationers' Hall. ○

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A  
TRANSLATION  
OF  
ANSTEY'S  
ODE TO JENNER:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,  
TWO TABLES;  
ONE SHEWING  
THE ADVANTAGES OF VACCINE INOCULATION,  
THE OTHER CONTAINING  
INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PRACTICE.

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BY  
JOHN RING,  
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN LONDON.

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"Nec longiori carmine te morer,  
Mentemque curis utilioribus  
Jennere, seducam,—valet.—  
Teque, tuosque, precor, labores  
Deus benigno numine prosperet;  
Et dum perennis gloria laureæ  
Insignit heroas Britannos,  
Civica te decoret Corona."

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE profits of this publication will be given to the Royal Jennerian Society for the extermination of the Small-pox.

That Society has already opened fourteen Stations for gratuitous Inoculation ; and also for the dissemination of Vaccine Virus, free of expense. Were it supported with greater liberality, it would render still more important services to the British Empire, and the world.



The Author is happy in this opportunity of testifying his respect for that Society ; and offering his tribute of applause to the name of Jenner.

TO

EDWARD JENNER, M. D.

---

OH ! blest by Phœbus, at thy natal hour,  
*With*  
~~The~~ happy presage of thy healing pow'r !

'Tis thine to study nature's hidden laws,  
Trace all her wonders to their secret cause ;  
Prevent disease with thy Pæonian art,  
Encounter Death, and blunt his fatal dart.

While thus I rove through Cheltenham's flow'ry plain,  
And some faint embers of my youth remain,

Shall not the muse her tuneful accents raise,  
 And wake her slumb'ring lyre to sing thy praise ?

Here, plung'd in grief, and pensive, and forlorn,  
 The long-lost objects of my love I mourn ;  
 My dear associates, ravish'd from my breast  
 By the foul venom of that baneful pest ;  
 While many a blemish cover'd ev'ry face,  
 Robb'd ev'ry charm, and rifl'd ev'ry grace.

When the dire fiend, which thus, in early bloom,  
 His victims hurl'd untimely to the tomb,  
 In all his horrors rises to my view,  
 How shall I tell what thanks to Heav'n are due ?  
 And due to thee, whose godlike arm repress'd  
 The lawless rage of that malignant pest ;



To thee, whose genius, and well-cultur'd mind,  
 Found out a healing balm for human kind ?

Thy skilful hand inserts with wondrous art  
 The crystal drop the lowing kine impart,  
 To quell the fiend, his kindling wrath to tame,  
 And flow meand'ring through the vital frame.  
 Ere long a pustule, rising in the wound,  
 Repels the foe, that lurks in ambush round  
 With all his host; and from our fleeting breath  
 Averts the perils of impending death.

What thanks shall British gratitude decree,  
 What thanks, what honours, what rewards to thee ?  
 What annual off'rings at thy hallow'd shrine,  
 O Jenner ! equal to desert like thine ?

For lo! Machaon is thy frequent guest,  
 Pleas'd with thy converse, with thy friendship blest :  
 The poor, the rich, consult without a fee  
 The sacred oracle of health in thee.

The mother sues thee, fill'd with just alarms,  
 To shield her boy, and to protect his charms ;  
 The virgin sues, lest blemishes invade  
 Her lovely cheeks, and all her beauties fade.  
 The Gaul himself, though envious of our name,  
 Adores thy art, and celebrates thy fame ;  
 The grateful nations one loud pæan raise,  
 And all the wond'ring world resounds thy praise.

But what, alas ! avails the blooming boy,  
 His father's pride, his mother's only joy,—

The lovely virgin, or the well-earn'd fame,  
And all the glories of the British name,—  
If Heav'n has doom'd the downfall of the state,  
And thy protection but retards our fate?  
If France pursues her infamous career,  
To spread the pest of her dominion here ;  
And if the blood of innocence must flow,  
To grace the triumphs of a Gallic foe ?

And now, assembling his unnumber'd host,  
He threatens vengeance to the British coast ;  
Launches his navy, deck'd in all the pride  
And pomp of war, and ploughs the foaming tide.  
How vain the frantic enterprise ! how vain  
His hope to seize the Sceptre of the Main !



A sceptre guarded by the pow'rs above,  
 Guarded by honour, loyalty, and love !  
 By the kind Sov'reign willing realms obey,  
 By Cæsar's gentle and paternal sway !

Let him embark, and quit the Gallic sands  
 With all his barb'rous and ferocious bands ;  
 With all his abject and submissive slaves,—  
 The sport of war, of whirlwinds, and of waves.  
 Ev'n now I hear the dreadful cannons roar,  
 And bursting bombs resound from shore to shore ;  
 I see the combat,—ocean stain'd with blood,  
 And vanquish'd Gauls beneath the whelming flood.  
 I see their leaders shrink with sudden dread  
 Amid their crimes, and mingle with the dead ;

Sent to salute their brethren,—sent to tell  
 Their great exploits, and give new laws to hell.

I see the Spaniards, once erect and vain,  
 Humbled in pride, and prostrate on the plain ;  
 I see the corpses of Batavians lie  
 A prey to ev'ry bird that wings the sky.  
 I see th' Italians, an unmanly brood,  
 With strength exhausted, floating on the flood :  
 No friendly dolphin wafts them o'er the main,  
 They sing, alas ! their own funereal strain.

No more, my muse, anticipate the woes,  
 Nor paint the suff'rings of our falling foes :  
 Not from revenge this mournful war they wage,  
 But mad ambition, and the Consul's rage.

Jenner, farewell!—nor shall the bard detain  
From nobler studies by too long a strain,  
Nor from its object alienate a mind  
Intent on labours useful to mankind.

May Heav'n, to whom my suppliant voice I raise,  
Prosper thy labours, and prolong thy days!  
While deathless heroes, who maintain our fame,  
And add new glories to the British name,  
Around their brows unfading laurels twine,  
The CIVIC CROWN, O JENNER! shall be thine.





















